



FALL



ANNOUNCEMENT

Millinery

—and—

Cloak Dept.

GRAND OPENING

Commencing

Wednesday, Sept. 13

Every Lady Respectfully Invited.

ZIONS CO-OPERATIVE MERCANTILE INSTITUTION

THE SAFEST PLACE
TO TRADE

The President of Her Class.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

AMY is president of her class! Amy isn't the oldest girl in it, nor the prettiest, nor the best dressed, nor even the one of best scholarship. Ruth has higher marks, Edith has finer clothes, Florence is the class beauty, and Phebe is probably the girl with the largest number of birthdays. While we are young we esteem it a cause for congratulation that we are nearer 20

than somebody who is only 15. If we are 18 we are proud of the distinction. Only as Time, the thief of so many happy things, steals away our pride in our years, do we try to hide them. You girls at schools are all beautifully and blissfully young, bless your dear hearts, and you need not try to conceal the fact.

A girl I know once happened by chance to see a sentence about her, in a letter not meant for her eyes. The letter said:

"Theodora is very young, and her appearance indicates it."

Though Theodora had apple-brown in her cheeks, and eyes like stars, and a mass of chestnut hair with glints of sunshine threatening it, she cried when she found that people thought she looked young. She wanted to look old! Poor little Theodora!

Why is a girl chosen as class president, why Amy rather than Sue, or Rachael?

Well, girls, probably for two or three reasons. A girl who is thus honored by the suffrages of her mates, is a popular person. She has not gone around with a chip on her shoulder. She has never made enemies by unlucky speeches. She does not make fun of her friends, nor indulge in wit

at their expense. This is on the negative side of the question.

On the affirmative side the popular girl has lost no opportunity to do little kindnesses at the right moment. She speaks cordially of the absent. She performs graceful services graciously. She is in the public eye, more or less, and people know where they can find her. If asked to do anything obliging, she does it without a fuss.

The popular girl has a troop of friends, because she is friendly. Every one can depend on her not to make a stupid mistake, and to say the proper word in the proper place. She possesses tact.

To the average girl, tact is a better gift than good looks or great learn-

ing. It makes a girl quick to understand people, and it makes them like her. A girl who has tact always helps other people to be at their best, and that is much finer than to be brilliant and showy in one's own character.

The president of the class generally is a girl with charm. Amy has had charm from her cradle. What is it? How shall it be explained?

Dear girl, it is impossible to define charm in set terms. It is the perfume of a flower, it is the sweetness of the violin, it is the soft shimmer of the moon, it is the sigh of the surf when last it breaks upon the shore. A girl who has charm steals into one's heart. She may be a gentle mouse of a girl,

demure and quiet, or a merry breeze-like girl, coming indoors with the swing of the wind, but her charm, if genuine, will belong to her personality and be a part of her.

City girls have this endowment and so have country girls. A good deal of it depends on being free from self-absorption. No girl who is thinking much about herself ever has charm. Homely girls often have it and pretty girls miss it, so you see it does not need to go with a roseate skin and dimples. But Amy wouldn't be chosen as class president if the other girls had not been impressed by her charm.

Still another excellent quality, and one that a leader always has, is force. Without force nobody can hope to lead.

Most of us are followers. Truly here are there springs up the girl who leads.

It is never by bluster or vehemence, by over-emphasis and self-assertion, or by any display of arrogance and bad manners, that a girl becomes a leader. Force of character is a flame within the soul, that shines out in daily conduct.

A weak girl takes the color of the last person who talks with her. Why, you may often tell with whom a girl has been associating by her inflections, her tones and her pet phrases. As for opinions, the weak person may think she has them, but in reality she

Continued on Page 8.